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## THE MAN WITH THE SCARF PIN

By CLIFTON FANE

Raymond found the scarf pin on the beach of Lake Geneva during the second week of his vacation. He stuck it in the left lapel of his coat, thinking to leave it at the desk of the hotel, where the owner might inquire for it.

He wandered along the lakeside until he came to the twin birches, where he paused and began to dream of the girl with the violet eyes.

Then he saw her coming down the path, and waited, hardly daring to hope that she would lift those lovely eyes toward him.

At the birches she paused, glanced at him shyly, looked at the ground and then looked at Raymond again, and smiled just the faintest, sweetest, shyest smile in the world.

"Good morning," stammered Raymond, lifting his hat.

She did not speak, but she lingered, and once again she smiled.

"I have so wanted to speak to you," began Raymond, desperately, "but I did not dare, and there was no one I could find to introduce me. You seemed almost as lonely here as myself."

"See here," broke in a harsh voice. "What are you doing with my scarf pin? I've been looking for it everywhere."

Raymond turned with a start and saw a tall, sporty-looking man he had seen at the hotel the day before.

"I found your scarf pin near the boathouse," said Raymond quietly. "I just stuck it in my coat, meaning to leave it at the hotel."

"O!" exclaimed the girl.

The sporty-looking man snatched the scarf pin almost rudely from Raymond's outstretched hand. Then he turned to the girl.

"You see it is my scarf pin," he smiled. "I lost it somehow, and I waited to look for it, or I would have been here sooner."

"O, I beg pardon," said Raymond, turning toward the girl. "I did not know the gentleman was a friend of yours."

"He is not," she said firmly. "But you came here to meet me," the sporty-looking man insisted. "You know, I am the man with the scarf pin."

The girl with violet eyes looked puzzled for a moment, and then she comprehended the truth. She blushed with embarrassment and then paled with anger.

But the stranger who had claimed the scarf pin did not seem to realize that her anger was directed at him. He smiled at her in a way that he evidently thought was winning.

"O," said the girl. "I see. It was a plot, was it?—a mean, low plot with a gypsy fortune teller to trick me into an acquaintance with you."

"Would you mind moving on?" asked the sporty-looking man of Raymond. "I have a date with this young woman."

Raymond looked at the girl questioningly. She moved a step nearer to him and laid her hand on his arm, as if asking him for protection.

"The gentleman is mistaken," she said, softly. "He has no 'date' with me. I have no desire to make his acquaintance. He annoys me."

"Clear out of this!" said Raymond. "Clear out, now!" He doubled his fists and advanced toward the sporty-looking stranger. The latter did not wait for the attack. With a short, nervous laugh he struck off up the beach.

"Shall I go, too?" asked Raymond, appealingly.

"Not unless you want to," she answered, after a little hesitation. "I thank you for ridding me of that man."

"Let us take a turn on the beach," said Raymond. "I am in the dark about the scarf pin. Won't you please explain things to me?"

"I nearly made a fool of myself," confessed the girl with the violet eyes. "I met a gypsy fortune teller on the hotel veranda last night, and she told me, so solemnly, that I would meet my fate to-day. She said she could see him standing between the twin birch trees by the lake, and that I would know him because he was tall and dark."

"I am tall and dark," interrupted Raymond.

"And he would be wearing a horse-shoe scarf pin in the left lapel of his coat."

"I was wearing it," said Raymond. "And you know," she confessed, "that while I didn't just believe her, I didn't think of it being a trick, and so I came here to-day at the hour she—wondering if I would meet any one."

"And you found me here, wearing the scarf pin," exclaimed Raymond, joyously. "I'll never believe it was an accident that I found it. Blessed be that gypsy. I am praying that she is a teller of true fortunes. I knew you were my fate long before you came here this morning—long before I dared to speak to you. I believe fate has destined us for each other."

He gazed at her ardently. "It is too early to speak of that, isn't it?" she said, shyly.

But Raymond continued to speak of it, and she did not forbid him. They became good friends during the week that followed, and now that they are both back in Chicago it really looks as if the gypsy's prophecy may come true.—Chicago Tribune

**Millions for Dwellings.**  
Brown borough in New York city has expended \$7,000,000 in dwellings of all kinds in the last year.

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## ABOUT MAETERLINCK

DIANA MAKES A GOOD FIGHT BUT GLADYS GETS THE DECISION

Diana wore her hair parted in the middle, revealing an expanse of bulging forehead. Eyeglasses clipped tightly on her nose and tilted forward gave further evidence of intellectualty. When Clarence could get his eyes away from Gladys he noticed that Diana's jaws were set.

As soon as the conversation changed to Maeterlinck Clarence knew that he was in for it. There was no use in remarking that his knowledge of the drama was limited to Clyde Fitch and Dietrichstein. He simply had to look deep if only to keep up appearances for Gladys' sake. She looked sugar sweet in baby blue.

"Which do you think is the true Maeterlinck?" Diana had popped at Clarence. "The mystic or the realistic?"

"That depends," said Clarence desperately. "It's all, you see—er—er—in the point of view, absolutely—er—in the point of view. In fact I wouldn't hesitate to say—er—er—in fact."

The agony was awful. Clarence looked mildly idiotic. If he had continued, Maeterlinck would have driven him into a padded cell. Luckily Diana interrupted.

"What I mean," she said, "is that we are turning away from the mystics to confront cold, hard facts."

"Oh," said Clarence, much relieved. His mind and eye were now beginning to wander Gladysward.

"Why, do you know," continued Diana, "even primary colors are beginning to have a vogue among intellectual people?"

"Give me American Beauties nesting in lustrous dark hair," thought Clarence just then. "If ever any girl ever looked eminently kissable—"

"Are you following me?" asked Diana, somewhat sharply.

"I don't altogether deny," said Clarence rather confusedly, "that primary colors are bad or—er—er—that is to say, unattractive. Red, for instance, properly set off—"

Gladys was blushing very prettily and looking at Clarence out of the corners of her eyes. Oh, that look!

"Of course colors should be contrasted. I won't deny that," asserted Diana wiping her glasses, "but as I was saying we have outgrown the mystic tendency."

"To be sure," said Clarence absent-mindedly.

"Where the past saw beauty in repose we now see beauty in action."

"Indeed we don't altogether," said Clarence. A fine chance to please Gladys had loomed up. "I still see beauty in repose."

It wasn't altogether Clarence's fault. Gladys was gracefully reclining against the cushions of a Morris chair. Diana was leaning forward, glasses in hand, forehead corrugated with thought.

"If you do you are classic! In spirit," she dogmatically asserted.

Personally Clarence did not know what he was. He let it go at that.

"Undoubtedly you have on your side all the wealth of statuary chiseled by Greek and Italian masters."

Clarence resisted the impulse to say "Have I?" Instead he listened attentively. Silence is an asset with intellectual girls, you know.

"I can very well see," went on Diana, "how any beautiful object grows upon one through its mere presence. It is said that the Mona Lisa—"

"I agree with you there," Clarence interrupted hastily. "Beautiful objects do grow upon you."

No wonder. Gladys was expanding in his brain to heroic proportions. Diana suddenly remembered that they had wandered from the topic. "We were discussing Maeterlinck, I believe," she recollected.

Clarence murmured "Yes" with the cheerfulness of a hired mourner.

"He began, as you are aware, by being symbolic and mystical. Then suddenly, through a mental process which has not yet been explained, he turned aside from the vague—"

She stopped suddenly, for Clarence had risen to pick up the lace handkerchief that Gladys had let fall. Its delicate perfume was intoxicating. As he handed it back Gladys whispered: "I feel awfully warm; don't you?"

"We'll go out and get some fresh air," Clarence said, with inward joy.

No computations lingered in his mind about leaving the Maeterlinck question unsettled. Maeterlinck deserved all he got, and more. For 15 uncomfortable minutes he had kept Clarence on the rack. What did Clarence care for the Belgian playwright, anyhow?

He was helping Gladys on with her cloak. A very faint odor of sweet lavender clung to her. Imperceptible though it was, it went through his very being.

As they passed out arm in arm Diana called back after them:

"Mr. Dawson, I just thought that I have artistically a parallel—"

Unfortunately that front door closed. Perhaps wicked little Gladys pushed it. Perhaps she deserved to be accosted—but she had such pleading eyes!

**Voice from the Wilds.**  
Johnnie, on his first visit to his grandparents, who live in the country, communicated with his anxious family as follows: "Dear Ma—I am well and hope you are. Your loving son—John."

"If you want something good, get a red cabbage and eat it raw."

**The World's Blind.**  
Of the world's population there are 54 to the million who are blind.

## HIS VICTIM

FRANCES

If Ambieby had been any one but Ambieby it never would have happened. Or if Lottie Howard had been—otherwise than, remarkably—pretty even for a 16-year old, or had not possessed such a downright unsophisticated soul, it is likely the situation never would have evolved.

However, as it happened, Ambieby, who had been calling frequently, of late upon Lottie's sister Frances, aged 22, suddenly had it borne in upon him that in endeavoring to make good with the older sister he had fatally endangered the tender affections of the younger. He could not think otherwise—being Ambieby—when he observed how Lottie always hung about when he was near. Looking up, he would catch her great eyes fixed on him in devouring attention many times in an evening. She did not appear embarrassed when caught. Indeed, she seemed perfectly at ease. Ambieby laid this to her being so young.

Ambieby thought he was properly worried over the situation, ridiculous as it was, but in reality he was pleased. Admiration is admiration, be it from those of one's own age or from too youthful to know better or so old as to have outgrown common sense. And Ambieby thrived on admiration.

Occasionally after an evening at the Howard home Ambieby would try to convince himself that he was mistaken, that there was nothing unusual in Lottie's attitude, but he was unsuccessful. Even a blind man could not well avoid seeing that she lay in wait for him at the front door, sat in the library chair, which commanded a view of the reception room and his corner and only pretended to read her book.

"Jove!" said Ambieby after some weeks of this. "I really don't know what to do about it! A romantic child like that suffers so from such a one-sided romance. And she is going to be prettier than Frances when she is as old as Frances is now. I never saw such eyes—they look a fellow right through! But I wish I knew how to stop it, for her sake!"

When Ambieby occasionally threw Lottie a pleasant smile or a kind word he had the sensation of having done a good deed and made the child happy for a week. Yet he felt that he should take care not to encourage her in her foolish notions. Altogether, he began to be rather miserable about it.

Finally he heroically decided he would speak to Lottie himself. He would be very careful not to let her realize that he knew her youthful fondness for himself, for he did not want to hurt her feelings. It was very pleasant to think that he was an object of adoration at least to one person in the world, and he had no objection to its continuance. Still, Lottie must be made to realize how silly was her sentimental dream. He would speak to her paternally, kindly but firmly.

When his opportunity came, Ambieby found himself rather breathless. He was waiting for Frances to come down, for they were going to the theater. Lottie slipped into the room and seated herself in the farther corner after she had greeted him. He could feel that she was looking at him. Poor foolish child!

"Lottie!" Ambieby said in what he meant to be calm and fatherly tone. Ambieby is 27. "Come here, my child!"

Lottie approached with interest. No confusion flushed her face or hastened her breathing at finding herself beside her hero. Her large eyes gazed at him inquiringly.

"Lottie," said Ambieby, and coughed. "I am glad you like me, my dear. You are a nice little girl. How old are you now?" He felt this treating her as a five-year-old was cruel, but it would do the work—make her indignant, and hence hate him.

"You know how old I am," Lottie said calmly. "And I never said I liked you!"

There were no tears of mortified rage in her eyes, and Ambieby felt faintly ill at ease. "I know, but—"

"—was flattered, losing his head entirely. "Why do you watch me so, then, and seem anxious to be where I am?"

Lottie continued her imperious regard. "Your eyes are close together," she said, "and your nose is long, and we are studying facial characteristics at school, and the book said a long nose and close-set eyes showed a conceited and egotistical character, and I wanted to see if it was so!"

Just then Frances came down, smiling, and Ambieby and she went to the theater. He could not recall much of the play after it was over.

**Synonyms.**  
It's simply impossible for a woman to tell the difference between her husband and a genius.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT

**MANAGER MCGRAW OF NEW YORK GIANTS CLAIMS CONSPIRACY IN ATTEMPT TO BLOCK EFFORTS OF CLUB TO ATTAIN EFFICIENCY—ST. LOUIS AMERICAN LEAGUE TEAM WILL TRAIN AT SHREVEPORT—EDDIE WERNER THINKS M'ALEER ERRED IN LETTING PICKERING GO—NOTES.**

**MCGRAW SCENTS CONSPIRACY.** Shreveport, La., after spending two weeks at West Baden, Ind.

**THINKS M'ALEER ERRED.** Edward Werner, of Werner Bros., who is a close and old friend of Oliver Pickering, the outfielder Manager McGraw traded to Washington for Charley Jones, says that Chicago reports make the clever Oliver many years older than he is.

"Pickering," says Mr. Werner, "was born in 1872. That makes him 35, not 40, as the Chicago reports have it. He really is 27 in physical freshness and snap. Jones is a good man, but Pickering is a real 300 hitter. He hit 350 until September of last year, and then slumped. I think McGraw erred in letting him go, even for an aged man as Jones.—St. Louis Republic.

Everybody in Cairo knows Eddie Werner.

**NOTES.** Bowlers at the coming Cincinnati tournament will not be allowed to wear suspenders. This rule was passed as a favor to the boys carrying a large front addition and weighing 285 pounds or more.

A season season often brings about remarkable changes in the careers of ball players. A year ago major league clubs would not have Joe Kelley at any price. Today the Boston Nationals are willing to make almost any concession to secure the services of Elr Joseph.

William J. Clymer, manager of the

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## SEVERE SHOCK FROM LIVE WIRE

MISS MARY DARMODY NARROWLY ESCAPES SEVERE INJURY IF NOT DEATH.

Stricken Down While Crossing Street Hands and Feet Badly Burned—Not Dangerously Hurt.

Miss Mary Darmody who resides on Washington avenue, between Twenty-second and Twenty-third streets, met with an accident last evening which might have proved fatal. In crossing Twenty-first street she saw a wire dangling before her and without suspicion of danger grasped it to shove it out of the way. The instant her hand came in contact with the wire she received an electric shock which knocked her down. In some way the wire also came in contact with her feet, and both her feet and hands were blistered. She screamed with pain as she fell and lay helplessly on the ground till she was picked up by John Turner and another man who heard her and came to her rescue. These men, although remembering the danger that comes to rescuers at times in cases of this nature, did not hesitate, but lifted the girl and carried her to her home where Dr. Walsh attended her. The Dr. says Miss Darmody is suffering most from the severe shock to her nerves, although her hands and feet were scorched.

The wire was an ear light wire, which had fallen, the lamp at the crossing having gone out. The matter was brought to the attention of the lightning company and the damage repaired.

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